

Dancing In The Rain. by orphan_account

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: F/M, Reader-Insert

Language: English

Characters: Steve Harrington

Relationships: Steve Harrington/Reader

Status: Completed

Published: 2017-11-26

Updated: 2017-11-26

Packaged: 2022-04-03 05:01:26

Rating: General Audiences

Warnings: No Archive Warnings Apply

Chapters: 1

Words: 2,163

Publisher: archiveofourown.org

Summary:

You and Steve had different ideas of fun, one of his ideas happened to be goofing around with you in the rain when you expressed not wanting to get wet. Though you wouldn't admit it to him because that meant letting him win, it was more fun than you expected.

Dancing In The Rain.

Author's Note:

If you want more Steve fics, please go follow me on Tumblr (sapphicpage is my url) and request a fic there!)

“We should have left earlier.” You mumbled to yourself as you looked out the window of the diner, the patter of rain against both the window and the ground outside was vicious and any second now you knew you were going to face it. The weather had been so good the rest of the day, a little cold but nothing that your boyfriend’s jacket couldn’t fix but it was coming down so hard that you were debating just waiting it out, even if that meant getting home late to your protective parents who might just die if you got back even two minutes late. Steve just laughed softly and grabbed his jacket from the back of the booth seat and passed it to you.

“Are you scared of a little rain?” Steve’s tone was teasing as he fished around in his wallet for cash, always insisting that the gentleman pay for dinner even though you argued that milkshakes hardly counted as dinner. You snorted and slipped his jacket on, rolling up the sleeves so that they didn’t hang loosely past your hands. It wasn’t that you were scared of the rain you just didn’t face having to sit in Steve’s car in soaking wet clothes, practically freezing until you got home and could take a warm shower.

“We have a vastly different views on what “little rain” means. And aren’t you scared of messing up your perfect hair?” You stuck your nose up at Steve as he wrapped his arm around your shoulder, passing the notes over to the woman behind the counter and saying a quick thank you before walking you along side him to the door. He chuckled briefly at your comment but didn’t reply, instead just opened the door and exposed exactly how loud and hard it was raining. It wasn’t as though there was a storm happening which he was glad for as while he’d never admitted it, lightning and thunder did scare him just a little. Only a little though, cause he was tough (at least that was what he told himself.)

Steve glanced down at you and instantly an idea popped into his mind, not one that he thought you were going to like at first but he was spontaneous in a way that often had you disproving of his ideas. He removed his arm from around you and instead intertwined his hand with yours, at first you thought nothing of it, even smiled a little but that changed when he bolted forward and pulled you out into the freezing cold rain. It was impossible to stop the scream you let out, a stark difference to the laugh that Steve barked out.

“You asshole!” You screeched as he spun you around, splashing the puddles pooling around at your feet. Steve then pulled you over to him, stumbling backwards when you collided with his chest. You could only imagine what you must look like to the other people inside, two teens dancing around in the rain like easily amused children, the one thing you were thankful for was that you had Steve’s jacket on as it meant that you got to be just that little bit warmer and he got to suffer the cold. He didn’t look bothered at all, a grin plastered over his face over how annoyed you were.

“What’s wrong, princess?” The nickname “princess” was not a common one that he used, it was one he used when he knew he had done something wrong or at least when something was in the works. Steve thought it softened the blow and while you didn’t want to give him credit, any nickname was nice to hear and it did make your heart ache in the best of ways. You weren’t however about to let him get away with the shock to the system he’d given you by dragging you out into the rain, you tried to wiggle out of his grasp but his arms had now tightened around your waist and were holding you tightly.

“Harrington, have I mentioned that you’re the absolute worst.” Despite being cold and wet, you weren’t as mad as you were trying to portray. There was that hopeless romantic in you that actually found the whole thing somewhat cute, it was quite the bit different from the movies you had seen and you were already wishing that you were tucked up in bed in your warm pyjamas but this wasn’t horrific. You watched as Steve reached up and pushed his now soaked hair out of his eyes, little droplets clinging to the tip of his nose in such a cute way that even though you were trying to act pissed off, you just couldn’t resist raising up onto your tip toes and kissing the rain droplets away.

“Now you mention it, it sounds familiar.” Steve said with a cocky grin before he loosened his grip on your waist and let you go, taking a few steps back to give you some face. He watched with fascination as you brushed back your wet hair, taking note of the water droplets clinging to your lashes until you blinked them away and the smudging of your mascara around the corners of your eyes that you didn’t know about; he choose to let you live blissfully unaware as he still thought you looked gorgeous. The sleeves of his jacket had rolled back down and swallowed you up, this time though you didn’t push them back up. “You know, we’re gonna have to kiss, it’s not right to be out here in the rain and not kiss.”

You snorted once more, shoving your hands into the pockets of your jacket before glancing around you, certain that someone must have been watching but you couldn’t see them. You weren’t new to public displays of affection, you were dating Steve Harrington for heaven’s sake, he had no shame with kissing you against the lockers or spinning you around in his arms when he won a basketball game. It was nice to know that he was proud to be with you, that he wanted the universe and the rest to know that he was yours and you were his, you had friends whose boyfriends wouldn’t even hold their hand in public cause they thought it somehow made them look less tough. Looking like a player wasn’t important to Steve, why would it be when he had you now?

“You have some nerve.” You said with a chuckle before looking back to Steve who was stood there with his hands on his hips, returning your gaze with an even more loving one. He wanted you to be the one to make the first move just to move his point that his spontaneous nature wasn’t always a bad thing but you were stubborn, something he admired but also bugged him on occasion. For a few seconds you both stood there looking at one another until Steve sighed and gestured around him, up to the sky with such a look of exasperation on his face that you couldn’t stop yourself from laughing.

“I’ve got all night, babe. And I’m patient, can you say the same about your-” Before Steve could finish his sentence you had took a step forward where a small puddle sat and kicked through it, spraying him with more water that you had been expecting. Not even two

seconds had past before he went to lunge at you and you laughed and bolted away, his car was parked not that far away and while he had the keys at least you could use it for cover. Steve didn't chase after you, he just watched you run away and smiled to himself. There wasn't a single day where he wasn't thankful that you had fallen for his awkward attempt of asking you out on a date, relationships were something that he hadn't had the best history with in the past but with you he hadn't spent a second afraid you were going to leave.

It wasn't because he was cocky because there were few things that scared Steve more than being abandoned but rather he had never seen you smile as much as when you were with him, maybe that alone was projecting but the few times he had seen you around school your nose had always been stuck in a book. Steve had friends, sure, but he wouldn't say they were the kind of people he could be himself around, it was part of the reason he'd found himself so drawn to you. In many ways, he was just as lonely as you had been and he'd conducted the plan in his head that maybe, just maybe you could fix that together. Things were so good, better than he could have ever hoped for himself, moments like this made him certain of that.

When did Steve make his way over you were peaking over the top of the car, he leant against the roof and looked over at you with his big puppy dog eyes, purposefully trying to get you to come over to him without saying anything. You knew his games, he loved winning even if he let himself be the loser more often than not to make you happy and it was fun to make him think that you couldn't resist him; that wasn't far from the truth to be fair but if anyone was a sucker for the other, Steve was as smitten as they came. Slowly, you dropped back down to the flats of your feet and walked around the car to where Steve had now turned round to face you. His head was tilted down to look at you, thinking that you were finally going to give him that cheesy kiss in the rain he wanted when you stood in front of him but instead you reached around and pulled on the door handle, desperately trying to get it open while Steve sighed.

"Come on, one kiss and I'll let you in." Steve reached under your chin and tilted your head up to look at him, the rain was still pouring down yet while looking at him you almost forgot it was there. Whatever determination you had to make him pay even a little flew

completely out of the window, there was a reason that you spent more time than you were willing to admit making out and that was because he was just so damn kissable. His fingers didn't retreat from your face, instead they curled loosely around your jaw as if he were framing your face like the art he believed it to be. One kiss was never just one kiss and you both knew that, and yet you still got back up on your tip toes and pressed your lips against his.

Your arms wrapped loosely around his neck, fingers twisting in his damp hair at the nape of his neck. Kissing in the rain was a strange feeling, you could feel each cold drop come down your face and the cold was starting to be enough to make you shiver, as soon as Steve started to feel you shake his arms tightened around you and he brought you closer to him for his heat. Making out against his car though, that was not a new one at all, not even close. His lips were slightly chapped from the cold but he tasted like the milkshake you'd both drank and his hands were large and firm on your waist, almost as though he was trying to protect you from the cold even though he was the one who had exposed you to it.

"Okay, lover boy. That's all you're getting, you need to get me home." You mumbled once you pulled away from the kiss but Steve still kissed you again, a quick peck this time that left you smiling. Steve pulled away from you begrudgingly and you took your opportunity to ruffle his soaked hair, a total mess on top of his head but then again when wasn't it? He didn't want to risk getting on your parents' bad side so as much as Steve wanted you all for himself for even longer, he unlocked the car and even hurried around your side to open the door for you.

It was that night Steve came to the obvious conclusion that he loved you, it was while he was watching you walk down the path leading to your front door and then turn to wave goodbye to him. He'd seen you done up to the nines and yet at that moment he thought you'd never looked so beautiful, soaked to the core but beaming ear to ear and choosing to pause and wave goodbye even though you'd already said your goodbyes in the car. Loving someone hadn't always worked out great for him in the past but he knew it was worth it, loving you like this was worth it.